duly awarded to the winner No. 2.

man a banknote.
"I haven't got five with me, but I

can borrow at the hotel," said No. 1: "rold the table until I come back."

So the greenhorn was left alone with

"Suppose we play for a dollar," suggested No. 2.

"I'll challenge you for \$5 a corner!"
"I'll play you for \$5 a corner!" challenged the loser, hotly.
"Put up," remarked his adversary laconicly, as he tendered the country-

# MRS. FISKE'S NEW PLAY

New York, Dec. 13.

THE disclosures in the top grade of the drama within the week back of the drama within the week back of the drama within the week back of this writing, are made by Minnie Maddern Fiske and C. M. S. Mc-Lellan with "Leah Kleschna," and Charles Wyndham and Hubert Henry Davies with "Mrs. Gerringe's Neek Lellan with "Leah Kleschna," and Charles Wyndham and Hubert Henry Davies with "Mrs. Gerringe's Neek Lellan with "Leah Kleschna," and Larles with "Mrs. Gerringe's Neek Lellan with "Leah Kleschna," and Larles with "Mrs. Gerringe's Neek Lellan with "Leah Kleschna," and Larles with "Mrs. Gerringe's Neek Lellan with "Leah Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Wyndham are alike 6: "At he has been given to her husbach." It is a conjedence that Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Wyndham are alike 6: "Said the hero, "but dammed bad for injun." Good Bishop Potter, if he had been present, would have hardly approved the klorification of brandry, and two but in America, beeides Mrs. Fiske, the only examples noteworthy again, unwilling as before, with the sauffered pitiful vicissitudes of poverty and disgrace, she goes automobiling again, unwilling as before, with the sauffered pitiful vicissitudes of poverty and disgrace, she goes automobiling again, unwilling as before, with the sauffered pitiful vicissitudes of poverty and disgrace, she goes automobiling again, unwilling as before, with the sauffered pitiful vicissitudes of poverty and disgrace, she goes automobiling again, unwilling as before, with the sauffered pitiful vicissitudes of poverty and disgrace, she goes automobiling again, unwilling as before, with the sauffered pitiful vicissitudes of poverty and disgrace as beginned and the produce and absolute controllers of the produce and absolute volumed and the produce and disgrace, and the produce and absolute volumed and the produce and disgrace and produced with excensure was restricted to the red man. "Firewater much good for pale face." Sauf the hero, "but dammed bad the kidnama. Three of the sauffered pitiful vicissitudes of povert of this whiches, are made by Min-nie Maddern Fiske and C. M. S. Mc-Leflan with "Leah Kleschna," and Charles Wyndham and Hubert Henry Davies with "Mrs. Gerringe's Neck-lace." It is a concidence that Mrs. Fiske and Mr. Wyndham are alike di-Hackett and Mrs. Bingham. Three of these native operators as star actors and stage managers have been rewarded richly, and two but passably. There is no need to specify. The salient point by their ability and luck in obtaining just the right actors. That is a limitation which the lay reader may but vaguely comprehend. The dramatist and the manager knows all about it

There is a coincidence, too, in the theft of a necklace in "Leah Kleschna" as well as in "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" by a wayward son of aristocratic parents and the voluntary assumption of his guilt by another person. Mrs. Fiske, like Mr. Wyndham, consents to be falsely accused. Plagiarism? Not a bit of it. The similarity, although curious, has come by chance, and it doesn't extend beyond the subject into the stories. The role provided for the actress is startlingly original, more-over, and the one for the actor is not. The drama of "Leah Kleschna" is a study of heredity in the manner of Ib-sen's "Ghosts," of criminology in the sen's "Ghosts," of criminology in the manner of Dickens' "Oliver Twist," and of moral regeneration in the manner of Tolstoi's "Resurrection." Do I mean to say that the ?? work the full to say that the ?? work the full merits of those masterpieces? Oh, no; work the full but it has them in a sufficient quantity to be wonderful as coming from an author who, under the pen name of Hugh Morton, has been known hitherto as a writer of extravaganzas only.

Leah Kleschna is the daughter of a professional thief who has brought her up as his pal. One night she is boosted like an Oliver Twist with her own father for a Bill Sykes-into Paul Sylvaino's house to steal his family jewels. He is a practical moralist whom she has seen and admired. He catches her with the swag in her hands. She expects him to turn her over to the police, but instead he lets her go free. But not until he has told her that she can, if she will, reform her life. She has begun the encounter with a nistol has begun the encounter with a pistol aimed at his head; she ends it with a sincere promise to realize his theory that no criminal is too low to be lifted nto decency. He is preachy at great length, to be sure, and she becomes a inert listener, set the scene is intensely dramatic, even in a popular sense. How and why Leah takes upon herself the charge of taking away the diamonds andons her criminal father, returns her childhood home to be a farm laborer among peasants, and, after sev eral years of probation, is sought out by Sylvaine as a wooing lover, the ac tion of the play makes logical and in-teresting. Mrs. Fiske embodies Leah with positive and negative excellence. What I mean is that she makes a creature to be remembered above all the others, betokening every phase of her metamorphosis vividly, yet she does not try to belittle the company, relatively, by any of the familiar tricks of tively, by any of the familiar tricks of the staf actress. You wouldn't know by watching her performance that she wasn't getting wages for her work instead of paying wages to her stage of wine in it. The only menus, it is well to keep on hand a can many names, and in ways unthought

Charles Wyndham, first player to be knighted by King Edward VII, richest of the actor-managers with the own-ership of three London theatres, brothership of three London theatres, broth-er-in-law of our Bronson Howard, has introduced "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" to New York. Sir Charles has Mary Moore for a comrade in art and heart (is it funny to put it in cockney, h'art and 'eart?) and she is said to be his husiness partner too. business partner, too. Miss Moore is a stage favorite at home, but it was told in this correspondence, two weeks ago how we declined to like her as the sen-timental Ada in "David Garrick." The newspaper critics abused her roundly as an incompetent whose exploitation was an insult to our intelligence. So it is a pleasure to write that, as the Mrs. Gorringe whose necklace is the subjecof the new play, she is adorably droll, and thereby has become a sudden fan here. And Hubert Henry Davies, an Englishman who has lived half his time in America—for four years he was a newspaper critic in San Francisco—has his the bulk are supported by the same of the sa hit the bull's-eye of comedy so hard and squarely that it doesn't matter if, with the same shot, he has aimed at and missed the mark of melodrama.

To make both the hit and the miss comprehensible: Mrs. Gorringe is as silly a smiler, pouter and gabbler as ever made a man want to kiss her and a woman kick her. Her necklace of pearls is stolen and a detective is ques-

oning her.
"Why," he asks, "did you try on not only all your pearls, as you say you did, but a lot of diamonds and rubles, too, after you had disrobed for bed?" "Must I tell?" she simpers.

'I ought to have all the particulars,' "Well, then, if you must know," she wriggles and twists to say, "I wanted to see how- I would look as an Ori-

A plenty of such witty talk by Davies is quite as good as Clyde Fitch's in social delineation, and the characin social delineation, and the characters, as personated by the Wyndham, company, are fine transfers from modish drawingrooms. Wyndham, like Mrs Fiske, gets actors who can do what needs to be done and makes them do it. In this case, however, they can't quite cure the play's fault, which consists of lapses from comely that is new and good into melodrama that is new and good had. Here is an example of old and bad. Here is an example of Davics' miss-fire. The stolen necklace is found where the thief, a Lieutenant Cairn, has wrapped it in a handker-chief, the counterfelt of which the detective discovers in an innocent Captain Mowthray's handbag.

tective discovers in an innocent Captain Mowbray's handbag.

"Ab!" the sleuth exclaims, like a Hawkshaw father than a Sherlock Holmes, "'tis Captain Mowbray!"

That is a certain climax for a coarse melodrama, not for a refined comedy. Again at the end of the play, after its pleasantry has earned an evening's success, there is a moment of tragedy that fails. The author has by this time written himself into a complication with the two officers and an Isabel tion with the two officers and an Isabel Kirke that he can't easily get out of. Mowbray won't clear himself by exposing Cairn, because to do so would grieve and disgrace Isabel, who has just married the culprit. The problem for Davies was how to get rid of Cairn and leave Mowbray free to mate with Isabel, and the best solution that the author can give seems crude and puerauthor can give seems crude and puer-ile in these days of advanced stage-

craft, Cairn simply goes out and shoots himself to death. Theodore Kremor is the greatest of the world's working dramatists—if rated by the size of his output. Twen-ty-nine of his plays have been put on the stage within five years and most of them have stayed there long enough to be business successes. But their quality? Oh, well, they must be the hest in there class, else he would en-counter a rivalry which now seems to be absent. His latest is "The Great Automobile Mystery." I was one of the few in an audience of nearly 4,000 who

light illumined her, she quivered from head to foot, her features became rigid. and, with a stare and stride of a Lady Macbeth when sleepwalking, she obediently followed the wicked spellbinder at his command. Then the toot of the automobile's horn was heard outside, and we knew that the poor creature of the pulpit were in the audience by the dozens, as their clerical garb the dozens, as their clerical garb the dozens, as their clerical garb that—not even when, at the end of the play, the Rev. Mr. Bontley strode into the scene—an actor once more for a moment—and joined the hands of the triumphant lovers.

Breakfasts.

1. Fruit, soft bolled eggs, rolls, coffee. bread, coffee. 2. Fruit, smothered chopped beef, they semed awed in the presence of the overwhelming staid majority—except—and we knew that the poor creature and we knew that the poor creature was on her way to her destruction. Oh, but her hypnotic kidnaper was a bad one. I have never heard a stage scoundrel so hissed and hooted as he was, nor such whistles and whoops of glee as greeted his final demolition when the mystery of the automobile was exploded. In the meanwhile he and his hirelings had separated the husband and wife, starved her in a garret, stabbed him with a knife, thrown their

bishop of the diocese, is president of so te the Actors' Church Alliance of America, meal. which society is "pledged to the pro-motion of the highest aims of dramatic dierature and histrionic art on and off the stage." Joseph Jefferson, dean of American actors, is the first vice presiient. The alliance has made this week what it advertised as "the first produc tion of a play under the direction of the church in 700 years." The play chosen for that ecclesiastical distinction was "The King's Highway," and it never had been acted before. It was woful example of "dramatic literareligious or moral purpose it was all to the bad. A tavern was the scene of two of the acts. A red losed army officer gulped down a bumper of brandy and said: "Damme, that's the real French stuff." A physician with a nose edder still poured a full glass of rum into himself and said: "New England sunshine, begad." The gallant young hero arrived tired and thirsty, re-

ter and had to read them from the manuscript, which he had warily carried in his pocket. At another point of importance to the heroine, when with mad volubility and frenzied action she was denouncing the villain, a woman went down the aisle and held a big bouquet across the footlights insistently. The discomfitted actress had to stop speaking while her mimic enemy handed the flowers to her after author early in the game. They saw the Svengali man fix his dreadful eyes on the Trilby woman, crouch like a Jekyll turned suddenly into a Hyde, and paw towards her with the ferocity of a leaping tiger. Then a big white light illumined her, she quivered from head to foot, her features became rigid, and, with a stare and stride of a Lady Macbeth when sleaves the form a Lady Macbeth when sleaves the form a Lady Macbeth when sleaves the form and his efficiency is shown in the list of honorary vice presidents, which, as printed in the playbill, includes ten doctors of divinity. But as an uplifting stage manager he was out of his range, beyond his limit, away of his base. Professional representatives of the pulpit were in the audience by the dozens, as their clerical garb and church members.

# The Woman Who Lives Alone

By Cornelia C. Bedford.

and wife, starved her in a garret, stabbed him with a knife, thrown their angel child in front of a street car to be run over, and filled in their spare time with minor devitries; but the audience had seen all those crimes again and again in Kremor dramas and were not much affected by them. They were sensitive to hypnotic outrages, however, and so the start and the finish of the new play were its points of triumph. Kremor played his game both ways from the middle and he won out.

The woman who lives alone may have a suite of her rooms, or her domain may be confined to one apartment, within whose four walls she must live, eat and sleep. In the country, with a house to herself, she may breakfast and sup in rooms having windows with widely varying outlooks to give her meals a relish; in closer quarters in a town it will—in the long trum—be found wiser to take only daily meal outside. Lack of companionship and conversation at meals tends ultimately to indigestion, and while a re-The woman who lives alone may or two each of soup, salmon, spinach, mately to indigestion, and while a re-Henry Goodman Potter, Episcopalian it supplies variety in surroundings, and o tends to give an added taste to the

even though it be a very small one of the nursery variety, and it will save its cost by keeping fruits, meats and milk. It will not be possible for her to buy in quantity any perishable foods; nor is it wise to purchase dry groceries in bulk, unless she has ample storage facilities. Of course, buying in this fashion inbuying will give her a wide variety of

of deterrent lesson. No one d'esented being more than ample for her needs, from the three drinkers' praise of the A good sized chafing dish is admirable.

In planning to have fresh meats, the question is frequently raised regarding the feasibility of having a good steek. This is quite possible. The cut chosen In this age of discussions the woman end of the porterhouse. When received, who lives alone will find her comfort remove the bone with a sharp knife, enhanced if she possesses an ice box, cut the outside or "back" portion in two pieces, brush each with a little olive oil and lemon juice or vinegar, mixed in equal proportions, and put in the ice box. Cut the surplus fat very fine and try it out; from the bone and tough end make a little stew, which, with the addition of a cupful of cut or course, buying in this fashion increases the expense; yet, in the end, it costs less than the same grade of meals at a boarding house or restaurant. Planning ahead and common sense in legs deviled or steamed, then browned buying will give her a wide vertex. in the oven; and a hash or pie from

the carcass and scraps.

A plate of fresh or stewed fruit, well When gas can be had a two-burner flat-top stove with small oven will not cost over \$3, and will do all the work roll (baker's), buttered toast or a bisnecessary; if gas is not accessible, a cuit and a cup of clear, fragrant coffee make a satisfying breakfast. When meat is liked, a chop, chipped beef, sait cod, chopped raw beef or eggs in some here arrived tired and thirsty, refreshed his vim with a big mug of ale
and said: "That has saved my life."
None of this drinking was done by way
of deterrent lesson. No one dissented
being more than ample for her needs. which can be quickly made. Many

of by most housekeepers, and the wo-man who caters for herself and likes eggs will find it to her advantage to study some standard work on the sub-ject. In poaching, for instance, use milk, strained tomato or a thin sauce or gravy, in place of water; or place a few speenfuls of thick sauce in a dish, drop in the eggs and stand in a steam er or in the oven. The result will be an addition to the menu list. In place of milk, use fruit juice or the syrup from preserves in making a baked custard. When boiling potatoes or rice, cook enough for two meals. A slice of hali out or a small fish can be steamed o boiled whole, a portion served hot with egg sauce, the remainder set aside for a scallop or a salad. Use nuts and then serve as a substitute for meat. In appetite will not only survive, but in-

When cold yeal, chicken or fish is on hand, cut it into dice or separate in flakes. Make a sauce with a level tabicepoonful each of butter and flour, a half cupful of milk and salt and pep-per to taste. Add the meat or fish with any additional or appropriate season ing, and stand over hot water for a few minutes. A good salad dressing (where oil is not liked) is made by beating an egg slightly with two tablespoonfuls of they were answered a close acquaint-ance hadapparently been formed bewarm water, adding salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of butter, and stirring over hot water until very thick. Take off, add a teaspoonful of vinegar and lemon juice and set away to chill. The following menus may be found sug-

eggs, coffec.

4. Stewed figs, creamed sait cod, rolls, coffee. Dinners. 1. Creamed chicken with cold rice

stirrred in, cucumber saiad, cara-mel custard, coffee. Clam juice, panned chop, baked po-tato, watercress, sliced orange.

boiled rice, lady fingers, coffee.
4. Boillon (from extract), Hamburg steak, boiled potatoes, charlotte

Suppers. 1. Creamed potatoes, bread and butter, baked custard, coffee. Scrambled eggs and tomatoes, mar-

malade, cocoa.

3. Bread, nut and apple salad, baked 4. Scalloped tomato, lettuce salad. fruit, cocoa.

THE BUNKOERS BUNKOED. (New York Telegraph.)

The green stranger who had answered

"Must they be spotted?"
"Yes."

"Never bet." smiled the jay.
A third party suddenly appeared.
"Is it an open game?" he demanded.
"Sure." nodded No. 2, and No. 3 was "Say, partner, you look like a wise sport; can you spare a minute to set-"Get the red," whispered No. 2 to his protege. "Why?" Certainly. "You play pool, don't you?"
"I have played it." 50 cents. "Is it a scratch when the cue ball goes into the pocket with object ball?"
"Yes."

"But I can't get it. There it goes?" No. 3 held out his hand and received 0 cents from No. 1. "Why don't your friend pay up?" denanded No. 3.

Several more questions of trifling im-port were forthcoming, and by the time "I never bet," exclaimed the green-"Give him 50 cents to keep him uiet," whispered No. 2. "I will win it

tween the country greenhorn and a Fourteenth street sharper who had acback, see?' "But you said that the yellow ball costed him opposite Tammany hall.

A second sharper suddenly plucked the countryman's sleeve.

"He is a mark," whispered No. 2.

"He thinks I can't beat him playing did."

"But So cents," declared the jay, pointing to a ball which was quite inaccess-ling to a ball which was quite inaccess-line to a ball which was quite inacc

"All right," asserted No. 3. "It's the yellow. Your shot."

"I will take you on for a game right well take you on for a game right well exclaimed No. 1 defiantly.

"For 50 cents a side," stipulated No. 2, ran every ball off the table with ease winking for the countryman's benefit.

"You're on!" spapped No. 1. "The and lucrative yellow:
sport can hold and be referee."

When he finished and looked around

his adversaries were disappearing. The The green stranger who had answered so many questions reluctantly assented.

The party of three crossed the street to a smoky hallway and ascended a flight of narrow wooden steps to the second floor, where a room filled with pool tables was in full biast. A table was obtained without difficulty. A dollar was obtained without difficulty. A dollar was introved to the greenbarn smiled and put up his cue. He was a newspaper man investigating the petty swindlers who infest the chapter aporting districts of the city.

The sharpers who had answered asappearing, the greenbarn smiled and put up his cue. He was a newspaper man investigating the petty swindlers who infest the chapter aporting districts of the city.

The sharpers who had asserted were disappearing, the greenborn smiled and put up his cue. He was a newspaper man investigating the petty swindlers who infest the chapter aporting districts of the city.

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The sharpers who had "investigating the petty swindlers who infest the chapter aporting districts of the city.

lar was intrusted to the greenhorn, difficulty in obtaining revenu and, after the game which ensued, was tracking the casual rural visitor.

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